

mellifluous giggles

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by [zolarnite](#)

Summary

“Bye everyone! I love you guys thank you!” The chat is spammed with goodbyes, all expecting the stream to end in a few seconds.

Thus it comes as a surprise when they see the geoguessr tab is replaced with the minecraft lobby and then the dream smp server. Chat’s beyond confused, spamming to try and alert Dream that he’s still streaming. Of course, since his mods are on the plan, they ignore all of the spams, opting to turn the chat to subscribers only.

“George,” his name being called breaks him a bit away from a tweet about the dream smp lore.

“Yeah?”

“Get on the smp.” George freezes, glancing at Dream’s stream. I guess it’s time.

(aka: Dream and George decide to reveal that they're dating by "accidentally" (not rlly) forget to stop streaming and take flirting to a whole new level)

Notes

So this took longer than I realized it would. So I might fail my religions test for this oh well. I hope you like this mess of a story, enjoy!

Thank you to @mcytficprompts on twitter for this idea :3 go check em out for the BEST ideas.

See the end of the work for more [notes](#)

It's been an ongoing discussion, probably one brought up in almost every single conversation with friends. At this point, even Quackity is having a hard time keeping his fat mouth shut. Look, he almost revealed it in that 'diss track' stream. Let's just say, he got a scolding from Dream and an annoyed George hounding him after that.

"George, I think it's time." Dream's voice snaps George from his reverie, grunting back in response.

"Time? Okay," He has no idea what Dream means, but he probably won't say no anyway.

"Like George it- wait, did you just say yes?"

"Yeah?" Two blinks at his screen have George trying to remember what the hell Dream had been talking about.

"You're okay with the fans knowing," there's hope in Dream's voice, and George hesitates. His usual answer of no is sitting right at the tip of his tongue, but he can practically see Dream's light colored puppy eyes staring at him through the screen. *Maybe it'll be okay?*

"I- um," George sighs, frustrated that this conversation is arising again. He thought that Dream would drop the topic. Despite dating for over six months now, he's still hesitant. George is an introvert, shy and loud only with people he's comfortable with. He doesn't have the confidence that Dream possesses, and he's never really learned the art of bullshitting (it shows because how else would dnf be a thing). The keys of the keyboard clack as George nervously taps against them, he knows that he's keeping Dream waiting, but the nagging in his heart is coiled into a tight spring.

"You know what, it's okay, we don't have to tell-"

"No, Dream, I- It's okay, we can tell them." *Fuck it*, George thinks, *how bad can it be?* A lot of people already ship him with Dream; them coming out is just confirming the theories and compilations.

"George, are you sure?" There's concern in the soft voice that fills George. He can feel it wrap around him, the assurance that Dream would never push. George knows that if he says no now, Dream would drop it, bury it for another few weeks before they'll inevitably slip somehow and get dnf trending again. He swallows hard and runs a hand through his brown curls.

"Yeah, any ideas?" It's a bit uncertain, shaky at best, but Dream takes it. George can hear Dream let out a breath that the older knows he has been holding the whole time. It's not that George is embarrassed about it, about being with Dream. Being with Dream is like a literal dream come true (pun intended). It's just that it can be scary. There's more than 19 million people watching them, well Dream mostly, but a good amount of them also watch George. He knows that it will be fine,

he has his friends who support them and his family that gushes about them, but social media is a black hole that he despises.

“No, I actually don’t. I honestly thought that you would say no.” George shrugs at Dream’s honesty, knowing that the younger is still in shock.

“I wasn’t planning on saying yes, but you caught me off guard. Plus, I’ve kinda been thinking about it lately.” More like he’s been scrolling through dnf twitter and almost bringing this topic up to Dream like three times this week alone. His fingers tap against the keyboard in a listless pattern. He admits, it’s been eating up his time and taking quite an amount of space in his mind.

“We could do a tiktok?” He can’t think of anything else. George knows that eventually a video will have to come out, but he wants to be there when they film it; in real life. There is a slight chuckle from Dream’s end and a sigh.

“No?” The older man pushes up in his chair, opening google search. They might as well get this over with and come up with a plan before they really slip up on a stream.

“It’s just-” Dream stops like he’s torn between two opinions and George can only guess that one of them is based on the fact of how cringy and exactly what dnf tiktok wants. He bites down a creeping smile and can’t help the giggle that bubbles to his lips.

“I’m just kidding, it would be too cringy for us to even film.” Despite not having their cameras on, everytime Dream speaks, George can see his boyfriend clearly before his eyes. They don’t always turn on facetime, but the older’s grown used to memorizing the details that Dream possesses; from the way his blonde hair changes hue depending on lighting to his amber freckles that dot across his cheeks. So it comes to no surprise when Dream lets out a wheeze and George’s mind supplies him with the crinkle of almond eyes and white teeth peeking past gleeful lips. It makes his eyes flutter and his heart soften, wondering when a tea kettle noise became so endearing.

“You’re so annoying. You wanted this but have no ideas,” George huffs as Dream continues to break into a fitful of giggles.

“Dreammmm,” the keys clack under George’s fingers as he types in questions for ideas on the web. Rolling his eyes and clicking into several websites to read the lists of ideas, George whines for Dream to help. The younger quiets and hums for a while, telling George that the man has gone into deep thought. He waits, he always does. While George waits, the numerous tabs within the past five minutes pile into a confusing maze and soon George clicks away, opting to pull up csgo instead. He’s out of creative juice from popping off too hard during a stream.

Dream is still quiet and the soft white noise becomes a lull, helping George settle down into the relaxing state he always adopts whenever he goes surfing instead of entering a match. He doesn’t want to disturb Dream with his incessant screams.

“I have an idea,” George almost jumps out of his chair when the voice comes through his headphones, louder than normal.

“What?”

“I have an idea George!” Dream’s voice lilts up and it flows with a current of excitement. The expression George sees in his mind brings warmth blooming within.

“Well?” George leans back, eyes closing as he lets the tenor tone from Dream carrying on. The man, George knows, will always have an idea in whatever situation he’s stuck in.

“What if we just say it on stream?” *Simple like that?* George’s eyebrows furrow slightly. He knows that Dream would want some dramatic or comedic way of revealing a relationship as big as this, and for him to suggest such a simple boring option seems way too out of character.

“Wh- Dream, I thought you’d want something more... dramatic,” George comments, pushing past the confusion.

“Yeah, I know, but you don’t like making it into a big deal.” Heat and appreciation climbs George’s neck, and his smile breaks in full beam. Oh how he’s so in love with this man.

“Dream...”

“No really, I’m okay with anything.”

“Then all that time thinking was just you wasting time or what?” George may not like extravagant gestures, but Dream has rubbed off on him a bit. He wouldn’t be opposed to just a bit of attention.

“Let’s compromise instead, hm.” It’s a nudge for Dream, a bait that he hopes the other takes. They’re good at it, at finding the middle ground where both of them find their balance.

“Let’s do it on stream,” Dream answers, sure.

“How?”

“Uhh.” George snorts and shakes his head, brown curls bouncing. Slowly, an idea seeps past his creative block, causing him to raise an eyebrow at whoever gifted him with this idea. George thinks it’s perfect.

“Subtly, flirting, but more serious.”

“Don’t we already do that?” Dream asks, not quite confused but also trying to find out how the flirting between them two could count as *subtle*.

“No I mean like, you calling me pet names and being a simp.”

“They’ll think it’s a joke.”

“/srs.” This breaks a laugh from Dream and the man wheezes again.

“You can’t just ‘slash srs’, ahaha.”

“Why not?” George pouts. This compromise is harder than he expected. Maybe twitter could help. Tapping on his phone, George hums softly as he enters the blue bird app. The feed refreshes and as if the gods took pity on his lack of creativity, sends a perfect tweet. The tweet is from a dnf fanfic recommendations account, one that George follows on his alt.

“Oh.”

“George?”

“*Oh*,” his lips curl up in a mischievous smile and George sends the link of the fanfiction through to Dream.

“Wha- George, fanfiction? What, we read our fanfictions on stream?”

“No- I mean we could do that- but no, check the summary of the fic,” George holds back his

giggles as he waits for Dream to catch up.

“Huh, accidental reveal.”

“Yes.” Giddy fun bounces between George’s tone, laughter and excitement.

“We ‘accidentally’ forget to stop our stream,” George pipes up, even though he knows that Dream’s reading more than just the summary at this point. He makes a mental note to read the fic after this.

“*Interesting*, this could work,” Dream contemplates and mumbles something too quiet for the mic to pick up.

“What?” George tilts his head to the side, eyes hopeful that this plan won’t be rejected.

“We’ll need to tell our friends before we do it.” Dream is already planning, *perfect*. George grins, pearls shown.

“You’re a genius babe,” the love curls into George, blush rising.

“You’re so annoying.” Dream’s soft laugh courses through the other’s meridians, warming his cheeks. Rarely does Dream call him in a pet name, it keeps the meaning more special.

“When should we do this anyway?” George flicks through this planner, looking at his calendar to see if there’s any open space. He hears rustling from Dream’s end, doesn’t think anything of it until a loud shout jolts him.

“Nick!” Dream calls, voice slightly away, but still close enough for the phone to pick up. George doesn’t hear the answering call, but after a few moments another voice muffles in.

“Yeah Clay?” Sapnap’s southern drawl smooths in, softer than the feral edge he puts on while on streams. George can hear Dream set the phone down and the influx of white noise indicates to George that the other has put the call on speaker.

“So we were thinking of telling our fans and we have an idea, but it requires your help and our other friends too,” Dream states and George bites his lip, a little nervous as to what Sapnap will think about their plan. He stays quiet throughout Dream’s explanation, trying to distract himself with csgo again. There’s a momentary silence from the other end, making George pause his fingers.

Softly, George hears Sapnap speak up, “Yeah, you guys are sure right?” There’s no response from Dream, but George knows the other is nodding his head.

“I’m sure,” he speaks up, covering his nervousness with the professionalism he puts up for streams and recordings.

“Okay, well then, we should start telling the others. Do you guys have a specific date or stream? A plan?” Sapnap asks and George blanks.

“I’m planning on streaming geoguessr this afternoon. George is that okay?” The suggestion zips through George’s mind and makes him numb. It’s so early, it’s so soon. He knows that Dream is doing this on purpose, he knows that George will back out if they delay it any longer. He closes his eyes and exhales, steeling his mental and emotional capacity for this.

“Y-yes, that sounds good to me,” he curses himself for his stutter.

“George,” of course Dream would pick up on the uncertainty, he always does.

“I’m fine, just text me the time, I’m gonna go sleep for a bit,” George cuts in with a sigh and sets his headphones down. Clicking with his mouse, George exits the call (hesitating over it for a few moments).

It takes a few minutes, but the predicted sound of his ringtone breaks the silence. He falls back into his sheets, grabbing his phone and thumbing the green button.

“George.”

“Dream, I’m sleeping, wake me up when you start,” His voice is tired, it’s heavy with refrained reluctance.

“Baby, it’s gonna be okay,” a sting erupts behind George’s ear and he snuffles. Clutching the blankets, he grips his phone tight, pulling it closer to him as if he could pull Dream from across the ocean. He tries to focus on Dream’s encouraging words.

“But what if-”

“No, no what ifs.” It’s the firmness and sureness that gets George to stop. He trusts Dream and now isn’t any different, he’ll continue to trust Dream.

“Sleep, angel, I’ll wake you in an hour.” George hums in response, letting his head sink into dreamland, heavy eyes falling shut.

The green ring around Dream’s icon is blinking in unpredictable patterns. George takes a deep breath and slides on his headphones, immediately hearing Dream’s mutterings of the clues surrounding him.

“Hello,” George relaxes, it’s not his stream so he doesn’t have to constantly be on alert, knowing how easily his expressions are revealed.

“George!” Despite what’s planned, Dream’s greeting never fails to bring a smile to George’s face. He giggles, just soft enough for it to not be heard.

“Dream!” George smiles, wide enough to see his top gums. He leans back, feeling rested from the hour of sleep. They never talked about the details of what would happen, but their goal is to expose themselves (as if they don’t already do that).

It takes a few minutes, but the tenseness eases from George and soon the amount of times Dream calls George an idiot has started to exponentially climb. Sapnap joins after half an hour, pickles and all. It’s lovely and lively, just like any other dream team stream. He’s comfortable, calm and happy.

They play geoguessr for a few hours, each fighting over the other to guess the correct country, making Dream lose his streaks multiple times. It’s around an hour and a half later that Sapnap leaves, leaving Dream and George by themselves. Dream, seeing as how George is starting to lose his focus, starts to end the stream. After he wins a round, Dream quickly says goodbye to his fans. He lies to the chat that George left already before thanking a few more subs and donos.

“Bye everyone! I love you guys thank you!” The chat is spammed with goodbyes, all expecting the stream to end in a few seconds.

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"George," his name being called breaks him a bit away from a tweet about the dream smp lore.

"Yeah?"

"Get on the smp." George freezes, glancing at Dream's stream. *I guess it's time.*

"Okay, give me a moment," George wants to take his time getting his minecraft started, but he really just wants to get it over with. As soon as his minecraft is booted, he joins the server, the chat indicated on Dream's stream of his entry.

He's spawned in the clubhouse, seeing how it's been restored. Now he just has to find Dream.

"Dream? Where are you?" George tries to soften his voice into how he would normally talk to Dream, doing his best to ignore the fact that the stream hasn't actually ended.

"I'm at the burned down mushroom house. I thought we could rebuild it, but further away." Dream's voice has changed for sure, dropping down lower and softer. It's sickeningly sweet, making George blush.

"Okay, do you have the materials?" He sprints to the edge of the jungle where his burned down holiday home resides.

"No, I figured we could do it from scratch and build it before we go to bed."

"That sounds good to me." Once George meets Dream, crouching in front of the burned bridge, he crouches in return. He sees Dream holding a flower, a blue orchid.

"Oh? What've you got there Dream?" he can hear a snicker from the younger one and watches as the flower is thrown to him. He naturally picks it up and pretends to smell it.

"Thank you, it smells wonderful," it's a moment before they both burst out laughing, soft giggles.

"So where should we start. I still have the list-" George moves past Dream to inspect the house, but when he turns back around, he sees Dream crouching and looking down.

"Dream? Dream what's wrong?" George jumps closer to Dream and stands just far enough so that he won't hit the other.

"You didn't give me a thank you kiss," Dream's pouting, voice small. George wants to groan at how utterly adorable the voice is, remembers that Dream is streaming and then remembers that he's allowed to groan. It takes a moment, but the affectionate groan bubbles up, along with a closer jump towards the green character. He spares a glance at the chat and sees 'dnf????' spammed at break neck speed.

"Oh my god, you big baby." He knows he's blushing, but he crouches and sneaks closer towards Dream, stopping right in front of him.

"Turn to me idiot." He forgets the stream and just says it, ignoring the knowledge that chat is currently breaking twitch. George watches as Dream's piss (lime) green colored head turns to look up at him.

“Muah. Satisfied now?” He backs away slowly and sees how Dream repeatedly crouches, doing his lil dancy dance. George can’t help the giggle that comes up. He hears Dream happily sigh and decides that they need to keep going before he becomes even more embarrassed.

“So what are we getting first?” George sends him the list of blocks they need and soon they decide to split up the list and reconvene to build the hobbit hole. They act natural, both having twitter notifications off so that they don’t get blown up by the amount of frazzled and confused fans. It’s almost natural.

Once they finally have grinded all the supplies, George and Dream meet up again at the mushroom house.

“We have to go find a space, I have a place.”

“Is it far?”

“We have to go through the nether.” George huffs out a frustrated sigh. He hates the nether.

“Don’t worry, I’ll protect you.”

“You better.”

“You know I do,” Dream can barely be heard and George mutters an ‘I know’ in response.

They enter the nether together, George doing his best to follow Dream. But George is too careful compared to Dream and they soon are separated. The older gets lost after a while, whining out to Dream to come get him.

“Dreammmm.”

“George, where are you?”

“I don’t know,” he pouts, stopping under a crimson tree to eat a porkchop. George pulls up his chords and lists them out to Dream.

“Why are you so far from me?”

“You left me!”

“You’re so slow,” an affectionate chuckle.

“Shut up, you’re so annoying, just come get me before I die.”

“You’re not going to die.”

“Yeah, if you would have given me some gear, I have nothing!” George keeps running around, wanting to tease Dream a bit.

“George, stop running around, I can see you.” Dream sighs in exasperation, but continues to follow his rascal boyfriend anyway.

“Catch me if you can~” George at this point has fully forgotten that Dream’s still ‘streaming’. He parkours away from Dream, actually tryharding so that the other won’t catch him for a while. He can hear Dream get increasingly frustrated as he clears jump after jump across the molten lava.

“George c’mere!”

“No!”

“George~”

“Dream~” Dream’s green blob is so bold against the dark nether that George can always see if the other is near. He frowns, seeing how he’s running out of food to consume, so he changes tactics, digging with his iron pickaxe into the wall and crouching. Little did he know that Dream had been carefully sneaking behind him, for the past three minutes.

“Babe, where are you?” It’s the frustration in Dream’s voice that brings George to only give a mischievous giggle in response. After a minute George jumps as his hearts goes down by almost half.

“Dream!” He shrieks and turns around to see Dream’s character holding an axe. A wheeze crackles into his ears, running side by side with his thumping heart. He’s beaming.

“I caught you~” Dream crouches and looks up at a standing George, giggling. There is a lot of giggling.

“I can never win against you,” George whines, hitting the other with some bread.

“Well you won my heart, that has to count,” Dream’s smooth, so smooth it leaves George a flustered mess. He stutters out a ‘you’re so annoying’ and quickly turns away to mine out of the wall. Dream only laughs in response. It’s a few moments of George following Dream again before he gathers his courage to open his mouth.

“And you stole mine,” he practically whispers it, but he knows that Dream caught it because he can hear the other gasp.

“George,” honey and wine seeps past the words, trickling into George’s ears. It’s making him drunk. Drunk on love.

A comfortable silence settles over them and Dream carefully leads them back on track and towards a nether portal that is nowhere near the main railways. Passing through the purple particles, they emerge to a beautiful flower field. George gasps and makes a strangled noise.

“Dream? You-”

“Do you like it?” The flower field is beyond beautiful. Despite being colorblind, George has a soft spot for flowers, always talking about the different ones he can turn into dye.

“It’s perfect,” he breathes out, running among the many colorful flowers that vary in size and species. He inspects the area until Dream calls him over to a spot where a perfect hill sits in the middle of the field. He almost squeals.

Together, with the reference photo, they build the hobbit hole. Bickering, yet also complementing one another. To the outside eye, it’s all very domestic and yet twitter is still freaking out. The whole thing is so perfect, it’s hard to believe that none of it was planned, and that would be correct. While George had been asleep, Dream had gone on the server and searched everywhere for the flower biome, turning into DreamXD to create the mound in the middle of the field. He did his best to disguise it to look natural and it worked, George was too happy to notice.

Stepping back, George smiles as he sees the final product. Warmth and love blooms under his ribcage and spreads all throughout his body.

“Thank you,” he murmurs, fondness spilling in waves. He almost wants to cry. His heart aches, he wishes that he could just get up and go to Dream. Wishes that Dream isn’t across the ocean and instead just across the hallway.

“You’re welcome, angel,” Dream whispers back. It’s delicate and smooth like velvet, wrapping around George. They’re so lost in their world.

“I love you,” George chokes out. He’s always had trouble expressing his feelings through words and his ‘I love you’s are so far and few that Dream treasures them more than anything.

“I love too, so much baby,” Dream quickly is there to catch George, tender and warm.

Dream wants to say so much, mouth halfway open to spill more than the fans should know when there’s a knock at his door and everything rushes back to him. He takes a sharp breath and calls out for the person at his door to come in. Sapnap sidles in, eyeing how vulnerable Dream looks, the glistening tears coating those green eyes.

“You’re still streaming,” Sapnap whispers, low enough that the mic won’t pick it up. Dream nods. He figures that it’s enough for the fans, knows that George wouldn’t want to be vulnerable in front of thousands of people. He knows that George had probably not been planning to say those three words, but he’ll be there if George does panic.

“George, baby,” he turns back to the mic and calls for George’s attention. He gets a hum in response.

“Baby, I need you to say goodbye to the fans, I’m ending it for real this time.” He almost winces hearing the hiss from George. George is mortified and horrified at the same time. His fingers scramble to pull up the ongoing stream, his mind screaming at him. George watches the chat go crazy, now that Dream reveals to them that he knows he’s been streaming the whole time. He blurts out a goodbye and goes silent, trying to calm down as Dream says a quick farewell to the fans. George watches as the stream ends, feeling his heartbeat race. He had completely forgotten about their plan. He feels small and as soon as Dream says his name he lets out a choked sob.

“Shhh, baby, I know you didn’t mean for the fans to hear that,” Dream is frustrated, he balls his fist and scoots closer to the screen as if he could somehow get closer to his beloved.

“Dream, I’m scared, they saw me, they just saw *me*. I forgot, how could I have forgotten.” His eyes are wild and blown, hair gripped within his pale fingers.

“George, can you turn on your camera?” George looks up to see Dream’s face looking concerned through the webcam from his end. Quickly, George turns on his camera, seeing the immediate soft reassuring smile from Dream. Behind Dream he sees Sapnap sitting at the edge of the bed, scrolling on his phone. But his eyes are focused on the blonde tousled hair and almond eyes that are so soft he feels safe being held within them. His breathing slows and the spilled hair smooths as his hands draw away to slip into his hoodie pocket. He’s wearing Dream’s hoodie.

“You were so brave, you are so very brave,” Dream knows exactly how to soothe him, so George hums and closes his eyes as Dream’s words wash over him, blanketing him in a feathery light embrace.

“You guys are trending,” Sapnap pipes up after a few minutes, deeming it long enough. He hands the phone to Dream. George, with trembling fingers, opens twitter and sees his notification flooded. He bites his lips and goes on the United States trending tab to see that ***DNFisreal*** is trending second and ***DREAMSSTILLSTREAMING*** at fifth. He sucks in a much needed breath

and plows through, entering the ***DNFisreal*** hashtag.

Within seconds fresh tears are pooling in his eyes at the amount of positive support that overflows his feed. He has always known that his fans would support him, but to see this much is still very overwhelming. He's still scrolling through the hashtag when a notification from ***dreamwastaken*** pops up.

George laughs, already seeing more than a thousand comments and likes. He looks up at Dream, both watching each other with matching love struck smiles.

dream @dreamwastaken

@GeorgeNootFound and I are dating

/srs

End Notes

hope you guys enjoyed that, if you want to read more, please feel free.

OR IF YOU WANNA BE FRIENDS

i am @zolarnite on twitter <3

Please [drop by the archive and comment](#) to let the author know if you enjoyed their work!